THE COUNTY PAPER.

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OREGON - - - - - - MO

THE LEADVILLE BELLE.

EUGENE FIELD.

We Noah little Leadville belle
With sunny hair and eyes,
For whom a swain on evening ste
Poured forth his moans and sighs.

Esau her walking down the gulch—
"Where do Hu go?" he said;
She Edith not his plaintive tones
But tries to ide head.

"I Sue for Mercy," then he Seth,
"Nor Will I happy be
Till you I ave Faith in my complaint
And say you'll Mary me."

"Ike cannot promise you," she quoth—
A twinkle in her eye;
"For if Isaiah I will, you'll think
Perhaps 'tis Saul a Guy.

"By George, I do de Clare truth
When I'm in love I say—
Your Lot shall happy be—once wed
You'll never Ruth the day."

"It may be I have been too rash—
If Phœbe true, 'tis sad
A maiden should Louisa chance
When a chance to wed she's had."

Thus did the girl with self commune
While to her pretty face
There Rosa blush, which he did Mark,
Gave her a raiser Grace.

Said she I do be Levi will
Consent Tobe your bride—
And if Vi le you take a kiss
Wilt now be satisfied?"

NOT TO-NIGHT.

"Gius—Gius! Bother them foreign names. Go, Beth, yourself, and call the lad from the meadow lot. When Silas is well rid of his rheumatics and can get round again, I'll have no such trash as him pottering round the farm. He positively ain't worth the salt he eats. A gentle enough lad, too, but he ain't no spirit—no spirit."

Beth, who has been arranging some lucious fruit in a bowl of yellow delf, springs up with alacrity and takes down her broad-brimmed hat from the high peg where it usually hangs suspended when not along duty as a covering for the bright brown head.

"Now, don't loiter," calls Mother Lawson warningly. "It's a longish walk to the meadow lot, an' you know after sundown who'll be there."

There comes no added color into Beth's cheek, and she does not drop her gaze from the long vista of green lanes down which her feet must presently pass.

"Oh you mean John Masen?" she queries at length, stooping and plucking an innocent white daisy to fasten in the bosom of her dark-blue gown.

"Surely, an' who else?" responds her mother sharply. Do you think some prince, all spangled and jewels, will ride up to the door on a milk-white horse to claim your royal favor? The high notions of girls nowadays is a caution. Never a prince had a kinder heart than John, an' some day you'll learn to value such according to their worth."

A bright-eyed robin, hopping on the door-stone in search of stray crumbs, and the purple butterflies rifling sweets from the hearts of the crimson roses, are the only listeners to the irate lady's last words, for Beth is already on her way down the lane, crushing the short crisp grass under her hurrying feet, and many a pretty yellow buttercup that grows between.

"Giuseppe! Giuseppe!"

The dun cows lift their heads from their feast of clover as the fresh young voice rings out on the sleepy air, and comes to the bars to gaze at her with loving eyes as she goes by. Another time Beth would have stopped to pat their glossy coats, but to-night she passes them by unheeded and keeps straight on her way.

"Giuseppe! Giuseppe!"

The plow stands motionless in the meadow lot, and the patient grey horse pricks his ears and listens in vain for the voice that usually summons him to resume his weary round. Close by, prone on the brown earth, lies a slim form whose face is hidden from view by a tattered straw hat drawn partially over it.

As the wind bears to his ears the sound of his own name, a shiver runs through the thin frame, and he lifts his head only to let it fall back a moment later on the damp mould.

Beth, clearing the five-bar gate with a bound that brings every nerve of her lithe graceful figure into action, sees the grey horse standing between the hill rolled furrows, and marvels exceedingly.

The next moment her keen eyes detect also the lad's recumbent form, and the face which he vainly strives to hide from view by the hat's tattered brim.

"Are you ill, Giuseppe?"

A petulant voice it had often been when its owner was crossed or thwarted. A coaxing, laughing voice when addressing the gray-haired father whose ideal she is. A saucy mocking voice that stirred strangely the slow pulses of John Mansen's honest heart.

It is none of these now. Only a very soft, pitiful tone that asks half fearfully in the gloom of the meadow-lot:

"Are you ill, Giuseppe?"

The lad lifts the tattered hat from his face with one long, brown hand and lays the other over his eyes as if to hide them from sight. But Beth puts her own soft fingers quietly over it and draws it away again. There are actual tear in the great dark eyes; eyes looking so longingly up into her face.

"Is it the old hunger Giuseppe?"

A half smile crosses the lad's dusky face. It pleases him to hear her use his own quaint foreign mode of expression.

"Yes it is the old hunger." The English words fall brokenly from his lips. After the flowing musical accents of its own Southern tongue, it is difficult to form the harsher syllable of our colder and more formal language.

Beth had evidently forgotten to remove her hand from his and when he rises to his feet—a tall, delicate, overgrown lad, whose shoulders are already beginning to bend beneath their weight of unaccustomed toil—he still holds it in a close clasp.

"I hate it—this life," he says—not angrily or passionately; there is too sad a longing in his heart for that. "And yet it is better than the life I fled from. I think I must be living in a dream. All day long, as I follow the plow, my fingers seem to press the magic strings and the music that surges through my brain fills all the silence around me. But at nightfall the vision flies, and the old weariness comes back."

"Come," says Beth shortly looking round with a half shiver, "the dew is falling and it grows late. "Why, Giuseppe, how bright your eyes are, and your cheeks glow like roses! For shame, to talk of weariness, when——"

The lad straightened his beat shoulders proudly.

"Yes, it is not meet for a man," he responds with a sudden flash of the eye; and with his head still erect, he goes by her side up the green lane at whose further end stands the low, white farmhouse; but ere he has traversed a rod her footsteps grow slow and almost faltering.

"Wait!" she cries, pretending to be breathless. "I cannot keep pace with you. See what pretty shadows yon trees make. Do you remember you promised to repeat to me the story of your life again? Why not now when the birds are asleep, and the gloom is round about us everywhere?"

"But you know it already," he affirms, looking down at her.

"I—I have forgottan" she stammers.

How can he know, unsuspecting lad, that it is but an innocent subterfuge on her part to gain time.

"Well, 'tis the old story," he says quietly. "My mother was the daughter of a wealthy Englishman, and while summering at Rome she loved and married an Italian musician, against her parents' will. She lived but a year, and I was left to the care of my father, who instructed me thoroughly in the rudiments of his profession.

"At his death my grandfather claimed me, and taking me to England, placed me at school. Great care was taken with my education, which had been neglected; but I was not allowed to touch an instrument or practice a note for he hated my father's profession.

"He was very cold and stern with me. Perhaps it was because I inherited my father's features as well as his tastes.

"To satisfy the cravings of my nature I was forced to disobey. We quarreled, and taking my only earthly possession, my violin, I worked my way across the seas.

"That winter I spent in New York doing what I could, but when summer came, I wandered forth again into the country.

"Stopping at the door of your dwelling for a draught of cold water, I learned that your good father was in want of hands, so I offered to stop and work. It was better than hunger."

"He says nothing of the fever and the weary weeks in the hospital," thinks Beth sadly, "and the wretched winter."

As if in answer to the thought the boy goes on:

"In the summer weather I was not unhappy, but when the chilling winds came again, and the snow fell, and all the earth was wrapped in ice, I suffered, for in my own balmy clime—"

"Beth!"

The girl starts hastily at the sound of the familiar tones.

"You shall not go to the meadow lot to-morrow," she cries passionately. "You shall not kill yourself so. You are not used to toil. It is well enough for the rest, but your soul is finer than theirs, as god is finer than clay. They are blind or they would see it."

The next moment the lad stands alone.

He goes into the low-eaved kitchen and tries to swallow his frugal supper, but the food seems to choke him, so he climbs slowly to his narrow garret, and takes from its case the loved companion of his wanderings, touching its strings softly with long, delicate fingers, hardened and roughened by toil.

A few notes, the introduction to a wild minor fugue, fall on the air—then he lays the instrument down.

"Not to night," he says wistfully in his own musical tongue. "Not to-night. I am strangely weary and my veins seem on fire. How cool would be the touch of her fingers on my head. Ah! I shiver, too. It must be that the cruel winter has come again with its bitter, bitter cold, and its ice and snow—ice—and—snow."

In the cool keeping-room below, John Mansen talks to Beth, while the mother plies her busy knitting-needles, and Farmer Lawson nods over the newspaper.

She makes reply to her suitor as a sensible maiden should, and he cannot know that she is looking far beyond him, out to where in the early dusk, the tall, boyish form had stood, and in place of his rugged countenance, she sees only the thin, flushed face and the dark fever-bright eyes of the Italian lad, Giuseppe.

The next day there was no one to work in the meadow lot, and the pallet in the narrow garret is empty; but in Beth's vine-shaded chamber, where the breeze creeps softly through the casements, the snowy pillows are pressed by a darker head than her own, and the weak voice filling the air with incoherent ravings is other than hers.

"He shall not die in this miserable garret," Beth had declared vehemently, and in spite of all opposition he has been carried down, and Beth installed as nurse, clad in a soft stuff gown with a muslin kerchief tied quaintly over her sunny hair.

"She is a good child," says Mother Lawson "It is a kind heart that will care for one not of its own kin."

"She will make you a famous wife, John," quotes the farmer proudly. "Just see what a tender, handy little body she is."

And honest John Mansen, watching the tireless form flit hither and thither, answers with a shake of the head and a look on his face that no one but himself understands.

Twice a day the old doctor bends over his patient, and once he says:

"If he dies it will be the result of exposure and over-work."

And Mother Lawson, standing by the bedside, responds in the mildest tone she has ever been heard by mortal to use:

"Well, I can't say about the exposure, but the good Lord knows, if I'd a thought the poor lad was so sickly, I'd a been the last one to ever drive him; but I never could understand them delicate foreign nations."

One day, just as the sun is going down, and the western gates are aglow with crimson color, the white face turns on the pillow, and the dark eyes, full of returning reason, look straight up into Beth's with the old longing look she knows so well.

"Perhaps he wants to hear a chapter of the good book," begins Farmer Lawson, wiping his glasses suspiciously, and he opens the ancient Bible and reads a few verses, but when he ceases the old longing is still there.

Mother Lawson lifts his head and gives him a cooling draught, but even that does not satisfy him His wistful gaze is still fixed on Beth.

Suddenly the girl darts from the room. Straight up the narrow stairs she goes with fleet steps, and kneels down by the black box half hidden under the sloping eves. With nimble fingers she opens it, and lifts the violin from its coffin-like case.

Beth feels no jealousy in her heart toward the dumb thing and her touch is gentle as his own was wont to be as she carries it down and lays it silently in his arms.

As his gaze falls on it, a smile of wondrous content crosses his lips, and he puts one hand to touch the strings. One instant the long, slim fingers rest there, and then slip down from sheer weariness.

"Not to-night," he says softly; "not to-night."

When the elders go down to partake of the belated supper in the shady keeping-room, Beth still watches on. The gloom deepens in the apartment, and there is no sound save the chirp of the crickets in the pasture. The moon rising, sheds a flood of lustre through the wide casement.

Leaning forward in the silvery light Beth touches the brown hand lightly It is icy cold. The girl makes no outcry, sheds no tears, but laying the helpless fingers back on the dumb strings, goes to the window and looks out over the wide fields to the far off silent woods with eyes that see nothing, and lips that say only, "Not to-night, not to-night. Not any more!"

* * * * * *

Two years later Beth marries her old lover, John Mansen, and goes with him to his ancient homestead to live. He denies her no wish of her heart, pleased if she but smile on him in return Soon a little one comes to bear them company, and as time rolls on, a troop of children play through the low rafftered rooms.

In summer their favorite haunts are the sunny paths bordered by rows of tall hollyhocks, and overrun by creeping myrtle; but in winter they frolic in the great garret, where is stored a multitude of old relics which constitute at once their childish wonder and delight.

One bitterly cold afternoon Beth sits in front of the open fire listening to the wind as it howls through the branches, shaking the frosty panes with savage fury, and watching the red embers as they drop slowly one by one. Suddenly there comes a rush of eager feet along the hall, the sound of childish voices, and the harsh twang of discordant notes

"Look, mamma," cries Ted, the eldest. "You know you told us never to touch the old leather trunk that stands near the south window, the one that was yours when you were a girl; but Lettie disobeyed, and look what she found at the bottom hidden away in a long black box. See, it has strings, and I can sound them."

"Go back to your play children"

A careful hand takes the violin from Ted's rough grasp, and closes the door on the small revellers. A firm step recrosses the room, and a stalwart form bends over Beth as she still sits in the glow of the fire.

"You need not have hidden this dumb witness from me, Beth," John says kindly. "I know naught of music, but the sight of this is dear to me if only for the poor lad's sake. I know well that you loved him in the old days. I know, too, that I can never be like him. God casts men in different moulds, finer or coarser as the case may be; but he gave me a heart that loves you too well to bid you remember in silence.

Beth cannot see the embers now There is a curious mist before her eyes; so she looks up at her husband instead

"You are a noble man, John," she answers softly. "How noble I never realized before. Yes, it is true that I loved the lad, and knowing that you possess this knowledge, I will make you a no less tender and true hearted wife.

And gazing into the upturned face that, spite of the changes wrought by Time's unyielding hand, is dearer to him than its girlish counterpart, John Mansen smiles and is satisfied.

What is Your Hoodoo?

Derrick Dodd.

Every person, we repeat, has his individual hoodoo. Some high foreheaded philosopher has said that life is like a game of cards, success in which lay not so much in winning the game as in playing a poor hand well. But, like the other sciences, that of philosophy advances, and the thoughtful student of natural effects has at length dimly learned to suspect that success in anything, humanly speaking, is only to be really obtained by escaping from one's hoodoo. This fact has been virtually admitted, though in a blind, dumb way, by all people and all classes since the existence of the world. Whether it presents itself in the fetish of the savages the incantation of the gipsy or the restless promptings of fatality that impel the Caucasian gambler to destroy the precise pack of cards with which his losses have been made, the primary cause remains the same, and at the bottom lies that most withdrawn of nature's secrets—the hoodoo.

Let the lip of the supposed superior intelligence of our day curl never so supercilliously at the popular fancies regarding what is vaguely called "luck," there is still something to be said for the defendant. The sailor's abhorrence of sailing on a Friday; the housewife's caution about getting out of the wrong side of the bed; the old country distaste for meeting a black cat; the world-wide avoidance of spilling the salt at the table—may be lightly put down as "superstition," "relics of barbarism," and all that, but yet that great regulator and originator of all theories—experience, the slow acquired certainty of centuries—remains unchanged and unaffected, as all natural results will be to all time. The cold fact is that all these so called "superstitions" are but the outcropping of that great, mysterious force of negation in nature, which, always for want of a better word be it understood, we shall call the "hoodoo."

The cleverest paper ever written by Gail Hamilton was devoted to "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things," in which she particularly instances the intelligent malice and aforethought with which a dropped article of small size, a collor button, say, instantly rolls into the most secret and inaccessible nook in the whole floor. In said article she was unconsciously formulating a phrase of the hoodoo. We have known men to be hoodooed by pair of boots, a watch, a cane, a horse—anything in fact, may be the medium for the transmission of this contrary current of negation from the great outside reservoir where it is stored by nature, so to speak. The great art, therefore, is to discover one's hoodoo, and remove or destroy it, and a most important part of the writer's patent hoodoo theory is that all persons can so discover their hoodoos if they will. We do not use the comparison "evil genius" in this connection, for it is now, at least, evident that this quality of negation is a purely natural, passive and normal influence, which never varies, but acts with automatic and impartial constancy. The writer remembers a man in the southern part of the state who was hoodooed by his revolver, a certain ornate weapon presented him by a friend in the east. The scrapes and troubles that pistol got its actually well-meaning owner into were something incredible. Finally, by an inscrutable inspiration he recognized his hoodoo, and wrote to his friend, its giver, that he would return the weapon by the same mail, of course recognizing the fact the hoodoo of one person was not necessarily that of another. Before packing the pistol he withdrew the cartridges and placed it upon the mantel-piece. While momentarily absent from the room the thrifty China boy entered and replaced the loads. His employer returned, and, picking up the revolver, playfully pointed it at his own temple and pulled the trigger. His hoodoo was buried with him by order of the coroner.

Millions in Sight.

San Francisco Call.

There's millions in it—millions of solid, solid gold and silver; not the figment—so to speak—of the thriftless visionary, but the tangible lucre that makes men opulent, that makes nations powerful, that moves all that is movable by human agencies in the universe. There's millions in it—in the vault that underlies the sub treasury building. The doors are opened; the expectant visitor takes his hand from over his eyes; he peers in, enters, and Aladdin's cave is changed into the store-room of a retail grist-mill. He sees nothing but a solid mass of little canvas sacks, piled from floor to ceiling, homely as a grocery overstocked with breadstuffs. This is the principal vault, and each of these little sacks contains 1 000 silver dollars. There is no gold here. The vault is thirty-six feet long, seventeen feet wide and eight and a half feet high, yet it holds only 13 000 000 of silver dollars. The gold vaults are about as prosaic, the money being sacked and piled in the same manner, each sack containing $20 00?. It is asked, Where does all this money come from? The answer is that the sub treasury—this mean, little, inadequate building—is the receptacle for the entire revenue of the government from the Pacific coast west of the Rocky mountains, from British Columbia to Mexico.

The business of last year amounted in round numbers to $38,000,000. Naturally it may be asked, why is all this money hoarded instead of being out in circulation? Paradoxical as it may seem, a great deal of it is in circulation. To all intents and purposes it is passing from hand to hand every day, doing its part in the great game of financial shuttlecock and battledoor. It is represented by silver and gold certificates—a form much more convenient for business purposes, while the coin itself is stored in the vaults, away from the depreciating effects of abrasion and from loss by other causes. A majority of the twenty-dollar gold pieces in circulation have lost so much by abrasion that they fall below the standard weight. There are in the sub-treasury over seven thousand half dollars that have become depreciated simply by ordinary abrasion while in circulation. This depreciation sometimes amounts to as much as twenty-seven dollars on a thousand. Gold being a softer metal suffers more from the same treatment of coinage, for this reason, and also because they have time and trouble in handling, and are more convenient to carry, gold certificates are fast growing in favor. Besides there is an advantage to the government in issuing silver and gold certificates.

In receiving so many millions of dollars it might be supposed that an occasional spurious coin or note would find its way across the counter. So great is this danger that every piece and every note has to pass under the scrutiny of an expert. People do not realize the quantity of counterfeit silver dollars that are in circulation. Not a day passes that more or less are not offered at the sub-treasury. The assistant treasurer, speaking of this subject, says: "You would be surprised at the ingenuity that is displayed in debasing the different government coins. One of the neatest methods employed by those who engage in this species of crime is what is known as the splitting process. This done by splitting the coin edgewise (probably by means of a fine saw) digging out the inside, filling the cavity with metal as nearly as possible the weight of the gold taken out, and soldering the two discs together again in such a manner that it will pass without suspicion among those who are not expert in detecting frauds of this kind Fortunately this method of tampering with coin is so difficult in its successful accomplishment that it is seldom resorted to, and coins thus debased are not common. An expert at the business can take five dollars' worth of gold out of a single twenty-dollar piece. A short time ago a $100 note was presented at the counter. The receiving teller immediately upon taking it into his head stamped the word "counterfeit" on its face and handed it back. The proceeding startled the person who presented it, and he asked the teller, with an air of indignation, why he did it.

"Because the law compels me to do it," the teller replied.

The man insisted that the note was good, "but," said he, "if it is not good I could have taken it back to the person I got it from"

"You can do that still," said the teller, "and if he demonstrates that it is a good note, you have only to come here and get your money." The man did not come back.

Spurious silver coins are detected more by their weight and general appearance than by anything else. Said the assistant treasurer, speaking of this: "They have got us on the ring of the metal. They can make their base metals to ring as well as ours." The detection of spurious gold coin is purely mechanical—by ringing, acids, weight, the eye, etc. "Experience is everything," said Mr. Spaulding. "A base coin has never been passed on us, but we have stopped lots of them on the way. To become expert in detecting the base coins men have got to make it a business, a study"

A remarkably smart drummer: "Have you seen the new style of sleeping cars?" inquired a drummer of the conductor. "No, I think not," he replied; "what are they like?" "Well, they differ from any I have yet seen, and I don't think they will be very popular." "What are they called?" "Prohibition cars." "That's a somewhat singular name," thoughtfully mused the ticket-taker. "Why are they so called?" "Because said the cute commercial traveler, "they won't have any porter aboard."

Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is, or should be, an inventor.

A FASHIONABLE FOLLY.

A Genuine Expression of Regret Has Now Become a Mere Form.

One instance will suffice to illustrate the folly of the prevailing tendency in fashionable life, says the Philadelphia "Record." There are certain customs which have been handed down from the earliest days of polite society. There is none by which a man expresses a more delicate courtesy toward a woman than by the habit of removing his hat when addressing her. The same principal is involved in lifting his hat when bowing to her. His bow should be the salutation. The lifting of the hat is an added courtesy, but it cannot take the place of the homage implied in the bowed head. But mark how fashion has twisted this gentle custom. For some time past the fashionable young man has snatched off his head piece when saluting a lady without the faintest semblance of a bow. The motion—which has been wittily likened to the action of an organ grinder's simian secretary making a financial assessment—permits the young man to cast an eagle glance into the lining of his hat, and then, apparently being satisfied that he has not taken some one else's, he claps it on his head again for fear of a draft getting into the unfilled garret it covers. Recently the organ-grinder's monkey motion has been superseded by a brief downward wave of the hat at arm's length, but the graceful and courteous bow is still lacking. That which was once a genuine expression of respect has become a mere form, in which the manner of the performance excludes from the young man's mind all thought of the reason why he does it. That which is true of this simple custom extends to many others of the former courtesies of society, until they are less evidences of good feeling than of slavery to fashion.

Owning the Earth.

Peck's Sun.

How often we hear men say "I am glad of it," when speaking of some man who has been at the top of the heap politically, socially or financially, and has suddenly dropped. Once in a great while a man says "I am sorry," but that is when the man who has fallen was the same kind of a fellow when he was on top that he was before he got there. The trouble is that too many men, who go to the front, get the idea that they own the earth, and their old friends get down on them, and they do not make new ones to take the place of the old ones. A ward politician who becomes a congressman, can make no greater mistake than to get too big for his boots when he is elected, and forget his friends, and put on airs. The boys who have made him what he is, talk with each other about him, and laugh at his greatness, and never tell him what they think, but some day when he comes up again they slaughter him, and he drops on the political sidewalk and never knows what hit him, but he knows that he is hurt. Then he tries to smile at his old friends and slap them on the shoulders, and explain himself, but it is everlastingly too late. What they wanted was to have him remain just the same when he was on top. A man may go along, poor, and be respected and have thousands of friends, and he may suddenly have a fortune left him. The first time he puts on a silk undershirt he changes towards his friends and seems to own the earth. He goes around a block to avoid meeting some friend of the old days, and he looks over them when he meets them. They watch for him to drop, and when he does go through his money, and gets down to earth again, and finds that the other fellows own some of it, he meets an old friend that he has not noticed for years, and says "Hello, Bill," but Bill does not "hello." Bill has wanted to "hello," for some time, but he didn't receive any encouragement, and now his appetite for "helloing" has left him. If he wants to "hello Bill" he goes off and does it with somebody whose head has not got too big for his hat, and the man who has been temporarily at the top of the heap sees that he has made a Beaver Dam fool of himself. When a man has been climbing a hill all his life, and slipped back so much that it has made his head swim, but finally, by sticking his toe nails in, gets to be top, he has a right to feel glad, but he wants to be contented where he is, and not try to fly high. When he gets to the top of the hill he is in a more dangerous place than he was while he was climbing, because from where he stands it is down hill in every direction. Did you ever think of that, boys? Every way you look, when you get up there, it is down hill, and you have got to brace yourself, and not lose your head, or the first thing you know your foot will slip, and you will go down head over appetite if you have kept your head and your friends, while you were at the top, and those who are still climbing see that you are letting your foot slip, they will try to brace you, and keep you up, but if you have made an ass of yourself, and thought because you had got there that you owned the hill, and have thrown obstacles in the way of the other climbers, and you start to go down, as Josh Billings has said, "All creation seems greased for the occasion," and when you get to going nobody will reach out to save you. It is a good lesson for boys as well as men to learn, that the top of the hill is the most dangerous place, and when they get there they will be the same careful, sensible persons that they were when they were sticking their toe nails in and pushing The country is full of late politicians who would give all they have got and mortgage all they expect to have if they had not lost their heads when they got to the top of the hill.

The Microscopists at Dinner.

The New York *Times* indulges in a little good-natured fun at the prevalent mania for finding the source of all evil in microscopic organisms. It reports an imaginary meeting of microscopists, and the following is an extract from the "proceedings:"

When the microscopists sat down to dinner each one produced his compound oscillating microscope, and carefully examined every article of food. Excited shouts went up as new discoveries of metallic, vegetable, and sausage substances were discovered in the soup. An examination made of the water resulted in the discovery of such an enormous quantity of infusoria, mammamalia, and phachydermata that the microscopists unanimously refused to drink. During the progress of the meal much enthusiasm was aroused by the announcement of Professor White that he had discovered a trace of hairpins in the beefsteak, thus upsetting the theory that the beefsteak of American hotels is a chemically pure caoutchouc sole leather; and at a later hour, Professor Banks's assertion—based on a thorough microscopic examination—that he had discovered whortleberries in a whortleberry pudding, and wine in the wine sauce, led to a heated discussion, in the course of which thirty-eight microscopists declared that Professor Black was an ignorant and unprincipled pretender, and eleven others maintained that the professor was acting in good faith, and that his discoveries could be accounted for on the theory that the waiter had given him, by mistake, a piece of whortleberry pudding made expressly for the landlord's private table.

Grant on Lincoln's Assassination.

Boston Traveller.

Gen Grant in a recent conversation said: "The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field and starting up again in the gutters; we had fought it as war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theater, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the president a note came from Mrs. Grant saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theater. So I made my excuse to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue, a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: "There is the man who sat near us at lunch to day, with some other men, and tried to over hear our conversation He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us." I thought it was only curiosity, but I learned that the horseman was Booth it seemed that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plan. A few days after I received an anonymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me; that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remember that the conductor looked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train, and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

A Cyascutus Caught.

Marysville Appeal.

Tom Clyma of North Butte captured by means of a steel trap, a few days ago, an animal supposed to be a marten. In some respects the animal resembles a fox and is quite a curiosity. The most singular thing about the quadruped, if report be true, is that the legs on one side of its body are several inches shorter than those on the other side. Should such prove to be the case, the creature is undoubtedly a gyascutus, an animal always exceedingly rare, and which has long been thought extinct. It is never found in other than hilly regions, its peculiar structure unfitting it for a level country. By reason of its peculiar one sided development the gyascutus is, however, adapted for living on mountains and hills. It can walk with ease on the side of a steep slope, where even a goat would have precarious foothold. The animal's strange structure, unfortunately, is in one respect a great disadvantage. While it can travel around a hill from right to left with utmost ease, it cannot retrace its steps. So long as its left side is towards the hill the creature stands firmly as a tree, but if it is obliged to turn, the other way its footing is lost immediately, and it rolls helplessly to the bottom of the slope.

Hunters of the gyascutus, whose fur was held in high esteem, used to avail themselves of this fact to capture the animal. It was useless to pursue a gyascutus on its chosen path, as the animal's locomotive arrangements gave it exceptional speed. The hunters, therefore, adopted the artifice of traveling around the hill in a direction contrary to that pursued by the animal and, meeting it face to face, had no difficulty in securing it.

Fifty-Three Hard Boiled Eggs.

The Gastronomer.

"Talk about eating sixty quail in thirty days; that is nothing. I can eat two quail a day for the rest of my life if anybody will find 'em; but I'd a little rather try it on yellow-leg snipe," said Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the fishing rod maker of Newark. "If Dolph Jakes was alive he could eat a bevy every day. He was the fearfullest gormandizer I ever saw. Did I ever tell you how he beat me out of $2 65?"

"No, Murphy; how was it?" said the listener.

"Why, I was settin' in the Astor lunch one night and in came Dolph. He walked up to the bar and took a drink. There was a big dish of hard boiled eggs at one end of the bar, and he began going for the hen fruit. He picked up an egg, cracked it on the bar, picked the shell off, and ate it. But he didn't stop, he ate another and another until he had swallowed five. I was watching him, and it made me real mad to see him so greedy. So I said: "Dolph, you had better eat 'em all, hadn't you?"

"'So I will, Charles, if you'll pay for 'em,' said he.

"'Go right along,' I said; I'll pay if you finish the dish.'

"He never stopped until he had eaten twenty-five more. He then took a drink, ate an oyster stew, a plate of crackers, and finished the dish of eggs There were twenty-three more. Fifty three eggs was what he ate, and they had the cheek to charge me five cents apiece for 'em—just $2 25 I was out I never spoke to Dolph again. I wouldn't associate with him after that."

The nice prayer rug: "Now, pa, dear you must give me $75, because I want that prayer rug right away." said a vivacious young miss. 'Prayer rug! Now what earthly use is a prayer rug to you, my dear?' "It is of no earthly use at all, pa." Now what father would have refused to gratify the angelic ambitions of a daughter under those circumstances?

MAKING COFFEE.—The favorite recipe at Delmonico's: Heat the grounds hot in a messpan, one tablespoonful for each person and one for the pot or kettle; then pour on boiling water, one cupful for each spoonful of coffee. Cover tight and stand where it will keep hot, but not boil, for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then strain into the cups. The coffee should never be boiled. "Coffee boiled is coffee spoiled."

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